

OUR PUBLIC SCHOOLS
Look to the foundations. A building may be faulty in construction or out of repair in its superstructure and still in the main be safe and useful; but an error in its foundations, endangering both the building and those that use it.

The foundation stones of the public and private character upon which the future Commonwealth is to be reared, are largely being formed and fashioned in the Public Schools of our State and any grave lacks or errors there, will be far reaching in consequences for evil.

The alluring possibility of a new Agriculture that shall double the returns for the farmer's toils, is indeed one of the foremost questions of the hour, and the State's moneys are wisely expended that advance that great public cause.

But far the transcending importance this improved, modern tillage of Delaware's soil, is the improved, modern tillage of the minds and morals of its youth.

The Every Evening in its account of the monthly meeting on November 11th, at Dover, of the State Board of Education, gives the following report of the Committee on Building and Grounds:

"On October 16th this Committee with Superintendent Spaid, spent the day visiting schools in northern New Castle County. By using an automobile we were able to investigate the conditions existing at 14 schools, two of which were for colored pupils. Particular attention was paid to the location of the building, its size, and its suitability for school purposes, with special reference to the lighting, blackboard space and heating, and the outbuildings. Before going into details, it may be said that Delaware, like other States, has no uniform system of building or equipping its rural schoolhouses. In consequence, many of them, measured by present day standards, are most unsuited to their use. Of the 14 schools visited only four had separate closets, and of the 14 only three could be considered in fair condition. In some cases the pupils were obliged to walk through the filth of the closets and would unavoidably carry more or less of it in the school room. In other cases, the closets were exposed to the flies in an inexcusable manner.

This is shocking! Such conditions breed at once disease and immorality.

Then the report speaks of improper modes of heating the small school rooms; of "pupils facing the light"; of buildings "totally inadequate for their purposes," and wisely adds:

"We feel that if our rural schools are to fulfil the purposes for which they are intended, there should be a definite policy concerning the construction, arrangement and equipment of the school building and grounds. If the State Board of Education has the authority to outline and enforce such a policy, we are willing to undertake the task. Otherwise, we believe that any efforts in this direction are futile, and will accomplish little, if any good."

The State is contributing large sums of money annually to the support of our public schools. But, on account of the imperfect methods of heating, lighting and ventilation, they are not efficient, and the State is not receiving the returns it should for the money expended. Because the schoolhouses are so imperfect, they cannot fail to be a primary cause of the lack of desire on the part of the many country boys and girls for more schooling than the law absolutely requires.

THE TRANSCRIPT believes that Chapter 93, of the Laws of 1911 (vol. 26, p. 197 et seq.) which amends the original school law of 1898, gives this power to the State Board of Education, for after conferring specific powers to regulate the sanitary equipment and inspection of school buildings it, says

"And to take such other action as it may deem necessary and expedient to promote the physical and moral welfare of the children of the free schools of this State."

The manifest spirit, if not, indeed, the letter, of the law, would seem to give the Board power to prevent those evils, not less than to remedy them after they have arisen. In other words, power to accomplish this wise sanitation of health and morals by requiring the erection of proper school buildings of an approved modern type, instead of later applying remedies for evils due to the faulty conditions that produce them. This valuable and timely report concludes:

"Reasoning one step further along this line, it can easily be seen that the country schoolhouse, if the 14 visited are representative, is a

case of one of the greatest wastes of one of the State's largest resources, that of undeveloped childhood and youth.

It would seem that if this resource is as valuable an asset to the State as we have been led to believe, it is worthy of development and conservation. Your committee feels that much can be done along this line by providing attractive and comfortable schoolhouses.

H. HAYWARD,
FREDERICK BRADY,
COMMISSIONERS.

While Delaware is not abreast of many of her sister states in this vital matter of public free school, it is hopeful awakening to its duties therein, and the aroused public interest, visible in many quarters, is an auspicious harbinger of better things to come, when "Little Delaware" will take a proud station among the foremost as a state whose rich soil produces both fine crops and fine citizens.

If the act of a cruel and cowardly murderer like Beattie could stain the good name of a great State like the honored Old Dominion, surely so wise and dignified a state paper as that of Governor Mann's, refusing to interfere with the law's mandate to execute the wretch, goes far to redeem the shame.

The prompt and fair trial given the guilty man, divested of the 1000 quibbles for delay that are widely making a travesty of justice in our criminal courts, sets a memorable example that other courts might well imitate. Truly the judge who tried the murderer and the Governor who refused to abuse his prerogative of pardon, have wiped away the stain of that foul assassination.

ESTATE OF GIDEON E. HUKILL, deceased.
Notice is hereby given that Letters of Administration upon the Estate of Gideon E. Hukill, late of St. Georges Hundred, deceased, were duly granted unto Margaret W. Hukill, on the 24 day of November, A. D. 1911, and all persons indebted to the said deceased are requested to make payment to the Administratrix without delay, and all persons having demands against the deceased are required to exhibit and present the same duly probated to the said Administratrix on or before the 24 day of November, A. D. 1912, or abide by the law in this behalf.

Address: Martin B. Borer, Esq., Attorney-at-Law, Middletown, Del.
MARGARET W. HUKILL, Administratrix.

IT PAYS

to buy good clothes; they really cost less because they wear longer and look better and prices are not high when you come here.

New Overcoats
single breasted with convertible collars, plain Coats with self and velvet collars and the big boxy, double-breasted Coats with convertible collars

\$8 to \$25
and a few special styles at \$30 and \$35. Silk lined dress Overcoats at \$20, \$25 and \$35.

New Suits

Unusual values in Suits at \$15 and \$20. We are already closing lots from good makers. Men's and young Men's Suits at \$3 to \$20. A few special styles at \$25 and \$30.

Extreme styles for the Young Fellows, plain ones for plain Men.

New Hats
New Shoes
New Furnishings

New styles in every Dept. Styles, qualities and prices are right. Come look them over.

Biggest Because **MULLIN'S** **Shoes** **Clothing** **Hats**

Best

Now is the Time to Buy

And an inspection of these properties will make you seriously consider.

No. 580 130 acres at Quaker station, balance in timber, apple and pear orchard, meadow, good soil, fair fencing, near school, church and stores, 6 miles to Chester town, 8 room frame house, porch, good condition, stable, barn, carriage house, etc., shade, excellent well of water. Directly on Chester river. Cheep \$7,500.

No. 578 131 acres, Broad Neck, Kent County, 108 cleared, balance in timber, apples and pears, 6 room frame house, tenant house of 5 rooms, stable, barn and carriage house, shade, good soil, good water, near school, church and stores. \$4,000.

J. WATERS RUSSELL

REAL ESTATE BROKER

Chester town, Maryland.

M. BANNING

East Main Street Market

DEALER IN

General Merchandise

Just a Word to Our Trade

We want to thank you for your kind patronage which you give to us and now when the fall business is coming in we intend to give you better service, better goods and a larger variety from which to select than we have ever given you before.

Our new goods are coming in every day or so. A lot of Rayo lamps, junior sizes at \$1.25; large size at \$1.50. These lamps give a bright, mellow light, suitable for any use. New linoleums, oil cloth and oil cloth rugs for stoves, in beautiful designs, all sizes, from 45c to 90c. A nice line of rugs in all sizes at the right price. Also, a new line of bed blankets from 60c to \$3.50 a pair and bed comforts from \$1.00 to \$2.00. A lot of new outing flannels in light and dark patterns. Full line of underwear, in cotton and wool for men, women and children. Fancy groceries and vegetables.

Come in and see the new goods,

M. BANNING

Phone 60 East Main St.

Middletown, Delaware

The Transcript, \$1.00

NOTICE TO TAX-PAYERS

St. Georges Hundred

The taxable residents of St. Georges Hundred, and all persons liable to pay tax in said Hundred, are hereby notified that the Taxes for the year 1911 are now due, and the undersigned Tax Collector for said Hundred, will be at

A. G. COE'S OFFICE, MIDDLETOWN, SATURDAY NOV. 25th, 1911 From 1 to 3 P. M.

MARSHY'S HOTEL, IN ODESSA, WEDNESDAY, NOV. 29th, 1911 From 1 to 3 P. M.

AT R. S. CARPENTER'S STORE, IN PORT PENN, WEDNESDAY, NOV. 22d, 1911 From 1 to 3 P. M.

EXTRACT FROM THE LAWS OF DELAWARE, GOVERNING THE COLLECTION OF TAXES OF NEW CASTLE COUNTY, SECTION 3, CHAPTER 30, VOLUME 21, LAWS OF DELAWARE, AS AMENDED:

Section 3.—That on all taxes paid before the first day of October there shall be an abatement of five per centum. On all taxes paid before the first day of December there shall be an abatement of three per centum. On all taxes paid during the month of December there shall be no abatement whatever. And on all taxes unpaid on the first day of January five per centum thereof shall be added thereto.

JOHN E. DENNY,
Collector of Taxes for St. Georges Hundred

NOTICE TO TAX-PAYERS

APPOQUINIMINK HUNDRED

The taxable residents of Appoquinimink Hundred, and all persons liable to pay tax in said Hundred, are hereby notified that the Taxes for the year 1911 are now due, and the undersigned Tax Collector for said Hundred, will be at

AT THE OFFICE OF GEORGE M. D. HART, IN TOWNSEND, DEL., EVER, SATURDAY, DURING NOVEMBER 1911, From 1 to 3 o'clock, P. M.

Tax bills can be obtained by making personal application to the Collector, or by sending written communication enclosing stamps.

EXTRACT FROM THE LAWS OF DELAWARE, GOVERNING THE COLLECTION OF TAXES OF NEW CASTLE COUNTY, SECTION 3, CHAPTER 30, VOLUME 21, LAWS OF DELAWARE, AS AMENDED:

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WILLIAM C. MONEY,
Collector of Taxes for Appoquinimink Hundred

NOTICE TO TAX-PAYERS

Blackbird Hundred

The taxable residents of Blackbird Hundred, and all persons liable to pay tax in said Hundred, are hereby notified that the Taxes for the year 1911 are now due, and the undersigned Tax Collector for said Hundred, will be at

AT BLACKBIRD, WATSON'S STORE, NOVEMBER 24th, 1911 From 1 to 4 P. M.

AT FLEMING'S LANDING, NOVEMBER 25th, 1911 From 1 to 4 P. M.

AT DELAWARE, NOVEMBER 27th, 1911 From 1 to 4 P. M.

Tax bills can be obtained by making personal application to the Collector, or by sending written communication enclosing stamps.

EXTRACT FROM THE LAWS OF DELAWARE, GOVERNING THE COLLECTION OF TAXES OF NEW CASTLE COUNTY:

Section 3.—That on all taxes paid before the first day of October there shall be an abatement of five per centum. On all taxes paid before the first day of December there shall be an abatement of three per centum. On all taxes paid during the month of December there shall be no abatement whatever. And on all taxes unpaid on the first day of January five per centum thereof shall be added thereto.

JOHN BEITH,
Collector of Taxes for Blackbird Hundred

Big 5 and 10 Cent STORE

Opened on Wednesday, November 15th showing Great Bargains in every line of goods that can be found for the small sum of 5 and 10 cents.

Dry Goods

Linen Towels 20x40

Bath Towels 20x40

Pillow Shams 26x29

Linen Table Napkins 21X21

Dresses for Children

Aprons " "

Outing Flannel Skirts for Children

Outing Flannel Night Slips

Ladies' White Aprons

Notions

Children's Knit underwear

Vests and Pants for 10c

Best Hosiery for 10c

Gloves and Mitts

Neckwear of all kinds

Lace and Ribbon

Dolies and Centerpieces

Embroidery and Insertion

Other things too numerous to mention.

Dishes

Imported China Plate 10c

Imported China Cups and Saucers 10c

Cream Pitchers and Sugar Bowls, Milk Pitchers, Fancy Dishes for Xmas Presents.

Glassware

Crystal, Indescent and Colored Glass. Large and useful pieces for the table, and Novelty pieces, all sizes and shapes.

Cooking Utentials and Household Needs

Novelty Goods, Pictures, Dolls and Toys of all sorts at 5 and 10 cents.

We will start our annual Picture Sale on Monday, November 20th.

Come in time to get your Xmas Presents. Nothing makes a more acceptable Gift.

PETERSON'S

Department Store

Middletown, Delaware

ALWAYS IN THE LEAD

The J. E. Baker Co. Now offers for Sale

Victor Fine Ground Limestone

The Best Way to Lime

The United States Government and the Pennsylvania Agricultural Experimental Stations are now recommending finely Ground Limestone as the best way of applying Lime to the soil. It does not destroy manure, there is no danger of burning your crops, it keeps for years, and can be applied at any time, or season.

Easiest and Cheapest to Use

Comes packed in canvas bags or paper bags. Can be easily handled, and kept in storage indefinitely, without change or loss. No more laborious slaking, no more laborious slaking, no more choking dust, nor scalding burns. Can be drilled into the soil or sowed on the surface and harrowed in. Saves half the cost of the old way of applying Lime. Is cheaper and better.

GIVES MAXIMUM RESULTS

It has been proved that very finely Ground Limestone produces as a fertilizer the same results pound for pound as air slaked Lime, or any other commercial fertilizer, and because VICTOR fine Ground Limestone is the purest, most finely ground Limestone on the market and because it destroys no manure or crop, it gives much better results than any other durned or hydrated Lime made.

See your Local Agent or write.

J. E. Baker Company

York, Pa.

NEWARK TRUST & AFE DEPOSIT CO.

Newark, Delaware

AN IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT TO BANK DEPOSITORS

It is our desire at this time to respectfully call your kind attention to the many unusual benefits to be gained by banking with this company. For your careful consideration we would state that:

1st.—We allow 4 per cent. Interest in our Savings Department on Accounts of \$1.00 and upwards.

2d.—We pay 2 per cent. on all Checking Accounts.

Also that we are a U. S. Depository for Postal Savings. If this Bank is safe for Uncle Sam it is safe for you.

Deposits Received by Mail

Capital Surplus and Profits, \$48,000. Deposits, \$220,000

Legitimate Thanksgiving BARGAIN SALE

Lasting Two Weeks

DURING the next two weeks we will offer EXTRAORDINARY legitimate and real BARGAINS. Following an annual custom of ours—for we always wish to see our patrons well dressed in the Thanksgiving season—we have made special reductions (for this occasion only) in every department of our store in Men's and Boys' Clothing and Shoes; Ladies' Millinery, Suits, Coats, Dresses, Furs, Waists and Skirts.

Men's Clothing

Men's and Young Men's brand new winter weight suits of worsteds, cassimeres and chevots, in all the new patterns and color effects. Plenty of good styles and all sizes in stock.

\$15.00 Suits for... \$10.00

\$18.00 Suits for... \$12.00

\$20.00 Suits for... \$15.00

Overcoats

Men's swagger style overcoats, made of all wool materials, \$18.00 coats for... \$12.00

Youths' Overcoats from \$5.00 to \$10.00

Boys' Overcoats from \$3.50 to \$6.00

Raincoats

Men's rubberized Raincoats never before sold for less than \$5.50 and \$10.00, now \$5.00

Special Reduction in Boys' Suits

Ladies' and Misses' Suits

These are mostly SAMPLE Suits—only one or two of a kind—of the best makers in Philadelphia. The finest garments, of the best materials, of highest quality and workmanship, that care and skill can produce. In chiffon, broadcloth, worsted, serge, cheviot and fancy mixtures—in all the new shades. These are superior goods and we challenge your most critical inspection of them. Notice please, particularly, with what care these garments are finished, also the perfect fit of the coat and the graceful hang of the skirt. Our guarantee goes with each of these suits that they give perfect satisfaction. Prices

\$18.50 Suits at... \$10.00

\$15.00 " " " \$12.00

\$18.00 " " " \$15.00

\$25.00 " " " \$18.00

Ladies' and Misses' Coats

Coats in caracul, serge, kersey and reversible cloths, nobby full lined coats, of fine all-wool serge, in black and blue, made strictly man tailored—semi-fitting lines, single breasted, front mannish notch collar, in plain severs, lined throughout with good quality of satin. All sizes \$20.00 would be good value.

Our Price \$15.00

Caracul coats, full lengths, made of best quality caracul cloth, with closest resemblance to the real Russian pony fur, in its glossy and weighty effects, semi fitting back, single-breasted front, with deep, rolling shawl collars, lined with farmer satin \$10.00 with broadcloth satin \$15.00

Reversible Goods—Coats

Made in double-faced cloth, some in combination colors and can be worn on either side—various colors, styles and sizes to choose from. Prices \$8.50 to \$15.00.

Bargains This Week.—We have not space to describe them this week. Call and see them.

Fogel & Burstan Department Store

Cor. Broad and Main Streets

Middletown, Delaware

Guaranteed Roofing!

While you are about it, put on a good roof, one that you won't have to be painting and fussing with every little while to keep it in proper condition. Get the guaranteed, trouble-proof roofing—

RELIAANCE RUBBER ROOFING

"The Roof Durable"

and it won't make much difference what the weather so far as your roof is concerned.

Reliance is fully guaranteed without painting or coating. Three ply, 10 years; Two ply, 8 years

and One ply 5 years and it is the only roofing made backed so liberally.

It's easy to lay, costs little and gives long and faithful service.

Ask for samples and interesting booklet "Guaranteed Roofing". They're yours promptly for the mere request.

Sold by **G. E. HUKILL**

EXTRA

EXTRA

To Middletown and Vicinity

M. MILLER

First-class Custom Tailor for Men and Women

First-class Suits and Overcoats made to order at reasonable prices

Each order that is made in our Tailoring shop will be pressed three times free of charge.

The new Fall and Winter Styles are now ready. You are cordially invited to call and inspect them.

No matter what your vocation in life, you cannot afford to be poorly dressed. Good clothes will aid you to gain an audience in business, as well as in society. You may as well get good workmanship and materials when placing your next order, as the cost is no more than the poorer kind when taking into consideration the satisfaction it will give you to be well dressed.

We want you to keep this in your mind that we handle the best Imported wools, from one of the largest firms in the United States, bearing the name on every yard of cloth, DETMER WOOLEN COMPANY, and this guarantees that every thread is pure selected wool.

If you wish to get an order made suit or overcoat, call and see us at once and we will give you permanent satisfaction. We give two or three fittings before the garment is completed. We also furnish the best materials which gives you a lifetimes wearing.

If you have any old clothes to be renewed by (Cleaning, Dyeing, Scouring, Repairing, Altering and Pressing call with them and it will be done very neatly at any possible time you desire to have it done. No garments will be given out unless satisfaction is obtained. Try us once and you will be convinced. Call at

MILLER'S TAILORING SHOP

Open evenings Telephone No. 105-3

East Main Street MIDDLETOWN, DEL.

My Lady of the North

THE LOVE STORY OF A GRAY JACKET

By RANDALL PARKESE

Illustrations by Arthur T. Williamson

CHAPTER X.

A Woman's Tenderness

Youth is never largely given to reflection, which is the gift of years; and although my life had in its measure rendered me more thoughtful than I might have proven under ordinary conditions, yet it is to be frankly confessed, by one desirous of writing merely the truth, that I generally acted more upon impulse than reason. I stood forth in the sunlight of that lonely mountain road, my hands securely bound behind my back, the end of the rope held by one of my captors, while his fellow leaned lazily upon his gun and watched us. I thought somewhat of the peculiar situation and those peculiar circumstances leading up to it.

Under other conditions I might have felt tempted to enter into conversation with my guards, who, as I now perceived, were far from being the rough banditti I had at first imagined. Judging from their faces and language they were intelligent enough young fellows, such as I had often found in the ranks of the Federal army. But I realized they could aid me little, if any, in the one thing I most desired to know, and even if they could, a sense of delicacy would have caused me to hesitate in asking those personal questions that burned upon my lips. My deep and abiding respect for this woman whom I had so strangely met, and with whom I had attained some degree of intimacy, never permitted of my discussing her, even indirectly, with private soldiers behind the back of their officer. Every sense of honor revolted at such a thought. Not through any curiosity of mine, however justified by the depth of my own feeling, should I permit myself the subject of idle gossip about the camp-fire.

For, in truth, at this time, unhappy as my own situation undeniably was, and as a soldier I realized all its dangers—I gave it but little consideration. Usually quick of wit, fertile in expedients, ever ready to take advantage of any opportunity, I had taken stock of all my surroundings, yet discovered nowhere the slightest opening for escape. The vigilance of the guard, as well as the thorough manner in which I was bound, rendered any such attempt the merest madness. Realizing this, with the fatalism of a veteran I resigned myself in all patience to what must be.

Then it was that other thoughts came surging upon me in a series of interrogatories, which no knowledge I possessed could possibly answer. Who was this proud, womanly woman who called herself Edith Brennan? She had been at some pains to inform me that she was married, yet there was that about her—her bearing, her manner—which I could not in the least reconcile with that thought. Her extreme youthfulness made me feel it improbable, and the impression remained with me that she intended to make some explanation of her words, when the coming of Bungay interrupted us. How they might be explained I could not imagine; I merely struggled against accepting what I longed to believe untrue. And this man! This Federal major, bearing the same name, whom she called "Frank," who was he? What manner of relationship existed between them? In their meeting and short intercourse I had noted several things which told me much—that she feared, respected, valued him, and that he was not only swayed by, but intensely jealous of any rival in, her good opinion. Yet their unexpected meeting was scarcely that of husband and wife. Was he the one she sought in her night ride from one Federal camp to another? If so, was he brother, friend, or husband? What was the bond of union existing between these two? Every word spoken made me fear the last must be the true solution.

Such were some of the queries I silently struggled with, and they were rendered more acute by that deepening interest which I now confessed to myself I was feeling toward her who inspired them. It may be fashionable nowadays to sneer at love, yet certain it is, the rare personality of this Edith Brennan has reached and influenced me in those few hours we had been thrown together as that of no other woman had ever done. Possibly this was so because the long years in camp and field had kept me isolated from all cultured and refined womanhood. This may, indeed, have caused me to be peculiarly susceptible to the beauty and purity of this one. I know not; I am content to give facts, and leave philosophy to others. My life has ever been one of action, of intense feeling; and there in the road that day, standing bareheaded in the sun, I was clearly conscious of but one changeless fact, that I loved Edith Brennan with every throbbing of my heart, and that there was something, bitter and unforgetting, between me and the man within who bore her name. Whatever he might be to her I rejoiced to know that he hated me with all the unreasoning hatred of jealousy. I had read it in his eyes, in his manner; and the memory of its open manifestation caused me to smile, as I hoped for an hour when we should meet alone and face to face. How she regarded him I was unable as yet to tell, but his love for her was plainly apparent in every glance and word.

As I was thus thinking, half in despair and half in hope, the two came out from the house together; and it pleased me to note how immediately her eyes sought for me, and how she lifted her hand to shade them from the glare of the sun, so that she might see more clearly. Her companion appeared to ignore my presence utterly, and gazed anxiously up and down the road as though searching for something.

"Peter," he asked sharply of the fellow on guard, "where are Sergeant Steele and the rest of the squad?"

The soldier addressed saluted in a manner that convinced me he was of the regular service.

"They are taking out of the sun in that clump of bushes down the hill,"

Brennan glanced in the direction indicated.

"Very well," he said. "Take your prisoner down there, and tell the Sergeant to press on at once toward the lower road. We shall follow you, and the lady will ride his horse."

The man turned, and with peremptory gesture ordered me forward. As I drew forth where the two waited beside the open door, I lifted my head proudly, determined that neither should perceive how deeply I felt the humiliation of my position. As I thus passed them, my eyes fixed upon the shining row of buttons, my ears caught a word or two of indignant expostulation from her lips.

"But, Frank, it is positively shameful in this sun."

He laughed lightly, yet his answer came to me in all clearness of utterance. I believed he wished me to overhear the words, "Oh, it will only prove of benefit to his brains, if by rare chance he possesses any."

I glanced aside, and saw her turn instantly and face him, her eyes aflame with indignation. "Then I will!"

As she spoke, her voice fairly trembling with intense feeling, she stepped backward out of sight into the house.

Another instant and she reappeared, sweeping past him without so much as a word, and bearing in her hand my old campaign hat, came directly up to us.

"Ventry," she said in her old imperious manner, "I desire to place this hat on the head of your prisoner."

The fellow glanced uneasily over his shoulder at the seemingly unconscious officer, not knowing whether it were better to permit the act or not, but, as she walked toward him, he permitted her to pass.

"Captain Wayne," she said, her voice growing kindly in a moment, and her eyes frankly meeting mine, "you will pardon such liberty, I am sure, but it is not right that you should be compelled to march uncovered in this sun. She placed the hat in position, asking as she did so:

"Does that feel comfortable?"

"The memory of your thoughtfulness," I replied warmly, bowing as best I might, "will make the march pleasant, no matter what its end may mean to me."

Her eyes darkened with sudden emotion.

"Do not deem me wholly ungrateful," she said quickly and in a low tone. "The conditions are such that I am utterly helpless now to aid you. Major Brennan is a man not to be lightly disobeyed, but I shall tell my story to General Sheridan so soon as we reach his camp."

I would have spoken again, but at this moment Brennan came striding toward us.

"Come, Edith," he cried, almost roughly. "This foolishness has surely gone far enough. Peters, what are you waiting here for? I told you to take your prisoner down the road."

A few moments later, the centre of a little squad of heavily armed men, I was tramping along the rocky pathway, and when once I attempted to glance back to discover if the others followed us, the sergeant advised me, with an oath, to keep my eyes to the front. I obeyed him.

It must have been nearly the end of the afternoon. We had certainly traversed several miles, and were then moving almost directly south upon a well-defined pike, the name of which I never learned. All the party were traveling close together, when the scout, who throughout the day had been kept a few hundred yards in advance, came back toward us on a run, his hand flung up in an urgent warning to halt.

"What is it, Steele?" Brennan questioned, spurting forward to meet him.

"Come, speak up, man!"

"A squad of cavalry has just swung onto the pike, sir, from the dirt road that leads toward the White Briar," was the soldier's panting reply. "And I could get a glimpse through the trees down the valley, and there's a heavy infantry column just behind them. They're Rebels, sir, or I don't know them."

"Rebels?" with an incredulous laugh. "Why, man, we've got the only Rebel here who is east of the Briar."

"Well," returned the scout, sullenly.

"I desire to place this hat on the head of your prisoner."

ly, "they're coming from the west, and I know they ain't our fellows."

He was too old a soldier to have his judgment doubted, and he was evidently convinced. Brennan glanced quickly about him. However, he may have sneered at the report, he was not rash enough to chance so grave a mistake.

"Get back into those rocks there on the right," he commanded sharply. "Tie up your prisoner, and live, my boy, and one of you stand over him with a cocked gun; if he so much as opens his mouth, let him have it."

Rapidly as we moved, we were scarcely all under cover before the advance cavalry guard came in sight, the light fringe of trousers, dust-beiged and weary, resting heavily in their saddles, and apparently thoughtless as to any possibility of meeting with the

enemy. There were not more than a troop of them all told, yet their short gray jackets and wide-brimmed light hats instantly told the story of their service. Their rear rank was yet in sight when we heard the heavy tread of the approaching column, together with the dull tinkle of steel which always accompanies marching troops. Peering forth as much as I dared from behind the thick brush where I had been roughly thrown face downward, I saw the head of that solid, steady column swinging around the sharp bend in the road, and in double front, spreading from rock to rock, came sweeping down toward us.

File upon file, company after company, regiment following regiment, they swung sternly by. Scarcely so much as a word reached us, excepting now and then some briefly muttered command to close up, or a half-inaudible curse as a shuffling foot stumbled. I could distinguish no badge, no insignia of either corps or division; the circling dust enveloped them in a choking, stifling cloud. But they were Confederates, marked them well; here and there along the tolling ranks I even noted a familiar face, and there could be no mistaking the gaunt North Carolina mountaineer, the sallow Georgian, or the jaunty Louisiana creole. They were Confederates—Packer's Division of Hill's corps, I could have almost sworn—east-bound on forced march, and I doubted not that each cross-road to left and right of us would likewise show his hurrying gray column, steadily pressing forward.

The forward, the veteran fighting men of the left wing of the Army of Northern Virginia were boldly pushing eastward to keep their trust with Lee. The despatch entrusted to my care had been borne safely to Longstreet.

The keen joy of it lighted up my face, and Brennan turning toward me as the last lingering straggler disappeared over the ridge, saw it, and grew white with anger.

"You Rebel cur!" he cried fiercely, in his sudden outburst of passion. "What does all this mean? Where is that division bound? I should judge, if I answered coolly, too happy even to note his slur."

"You know better," he retorted hotly. "The way those fellows march tells plainly enough that they have covered all of fifteen miles since daybreak. It is a general movement, and, by Heaven! you shall answer Sheridan, even if you won't me."

CHAPTER XI.

In the Presence of Sheridan.

It had been dark for nearly an hour before we entered what was from all appearances a large and populous camp. No sooner was I thrust into the unknown darkness of a hut by the not unkindly sergeant, than I threw myself prone on the floor, and was sound asleep before the door had fairly closed behind him.

My rest was not destined to be a long one. It seemed but a moment when I closed my eyes when a rough hand shook me again into consciousness. The flaming glare of an uplighted pine-knot flung its radiance over half-a-dozen figures grouped in the open doorway. A corporal, with a white chin beard, was bending over me.

"Come, Johnny," he said tersely, "get up—your're wanted."

The instinct of soldierly obedience in which I had been so long trained caused me to grope my way to my feet.

"What time is it, Corporal?" I asked sleepily.

"After midnight."

"Who wishes me?"

"Headquarters," he returned brusquely. "Come, move on. Fall in, men."

Our march was short, and we soon turned abruptly in at a wide open gateway. High pillars of brick stood upon either hand, and the passage was well lighted by a brightly blazing fire of logs. Two sentries stood there, and our party passed between them without uttering a word. As we moved beyond the radiance I noted a little knot of cavalymen silently sitting their horses in the shadow of the high wall. A wide gravelled walk, bordered, I thought, with flowers, led toward the front door of a commodious house built after the colonial type. The lower story seemed fairly ablaze with lights, and at the head of the steps as we ascended a young officer came quickly forward.

"Is this the prisoner brought in tonight?"

The corporal pushed me forward.

"This is the man, sir."

"Very well; hold your command here until I send other orders."

He rested one hand, not unkindly, upon my arm, and his gaze instantly changed from that of command to generous courtesy.

"You will accompany me, and permit me to advise you, for your own sake, to be as civil as possible in your answers tonight, for the old man is in one of his tantrums."

We crossed the rather dimly lighted hall, which had a sentry posted at either end of it, and then my conductor threw open a side door, and silently motioned for me to enter in advance of him. It was a spacious room, elegant in all its appointments, but my hasty glance revealed only three occupants. Sitting at a hand-somely polished mahogany writing-table near the centre of the apartment was a stout, stoutly built man, with straggly beard and fierce, stern eyes. I recognized him at once, although he wore neither uniform nor other insignia of rank. Close beside him stood a colonel of engineers, possibly his chief of staff, while to the right, leaning negligently with one arm on the mantel-shelf above the fireplace, and smiling insolently at me, was Brennan.

The sight of him stiffened me like a drink of brandy, and as the young aide closed the door in my rear, I stepped instantly forward to the table, facing him who I knew must be in command, and removing my hat, saluted.

"This is the prisoner you sent for, sir," I announced to the aide.

The officer, who remained seated, looked at me intently.

"Have I ever met you before?" he questioned, as though doubting his memory.

"You have, General Sheridan," I replied. "I was with General Early during your conference at White Horse Tavern. I also bore a flag to you after the cavalry skirmish at Williamsburg."

"Remember," shortly, and as he spoke he wheeled in his chair to face Sheridan.

"I thought you reported this officer as a spy," he said sternly. "He is in uniform, and doubtless told you his name and rank."

"I certainly had every reason to believe he penetrated our lines in disguise," was the instant reply. "This cavalry cloak was found with him, and consequently I naturally supposed his claim of rank to be false."

Sheridan looked annoyed, yet turned back to me without administering the sharp rebuke which seemed burning upon his lips.

"Were you wearing that cavalry cloak within our lines?" he questioned sternly.

"I was not, sir; it was indeed lying upon the floor of the hut when Major Brennan entered, but I had nothing to do with it."

He gazed at me searchingly for a moment in silence.

"I regret we have treated you with so little consideration," he said apologetically, "but you were supposed to be merely a spy. May I ask your name and rank?"

"Captain Wayne, of the Virginia Cavalry."

"Why were you within our lines?"

"I was passing through them with despatches."

"For whom?"

"You certainly realize that I must decline to answer."

"Major Brennan," he asked, turning

as if he enjoyed the part assigned to him.

"Come on, you Johnny," he said coarsely, his hand closing heavily on my arm. Then, seeming unable to repress his pleasure at the ending of the interview, and his present sense of power, he bent lower, so that his insolent words should not reach the others, and hissed hotly:

"Stealing women is probably more in your line than this."

"You miserable hound!" I cried madly. "None but a coward would taunt a helpless prisoner. I only hope I may yet be free long enough to write the lie with steel across your heart."

Before he could move Sheridan was upon his feet and between us.

"Back, both of you!" he ordered sharply. "There shall be no brawling here. Major Brennan, you will remain; I would speak with you further regarding this matter. Lieutenant Catton, take charge of the prisoner."

[TO BE CONTINUED]

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"Come Johnny," he said tersely, "Get Up—You're Wanted."

ing aside again, "was this officer searched by your party?"

"He was, sir, but no papers were found. He stated to me later that his despatch was 'verbal.'"

"Did it been delivered?"

"I so understood him."

"Well, how did he account to you for being where he was found?"

Brennan hesitated, and glanced uneasily toward me. Like a flash the thought came that the man was striving to keep her name entirely out of sight; he did not wish her presence mentioned.

"There was no explanation attempted," he said finally. "He seemed simply to be hiding there."

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